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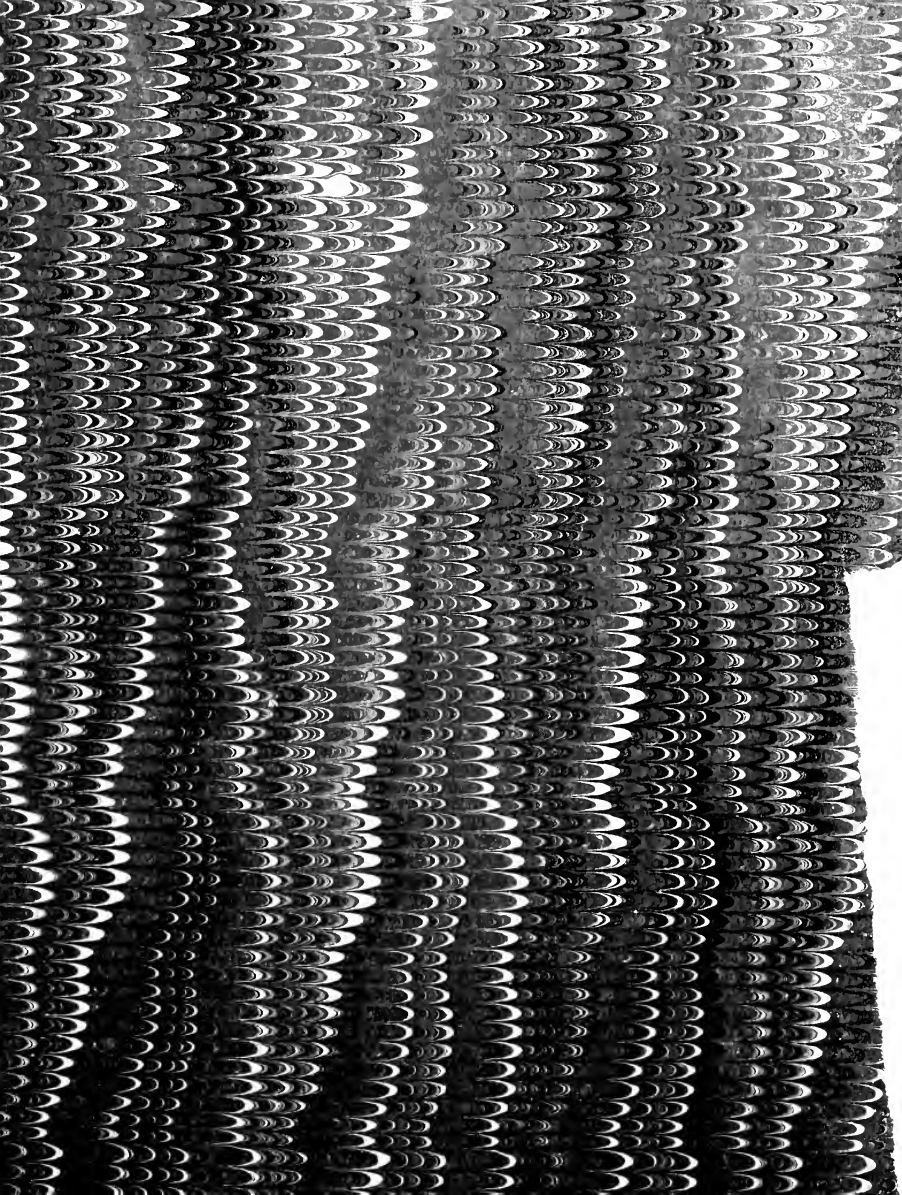
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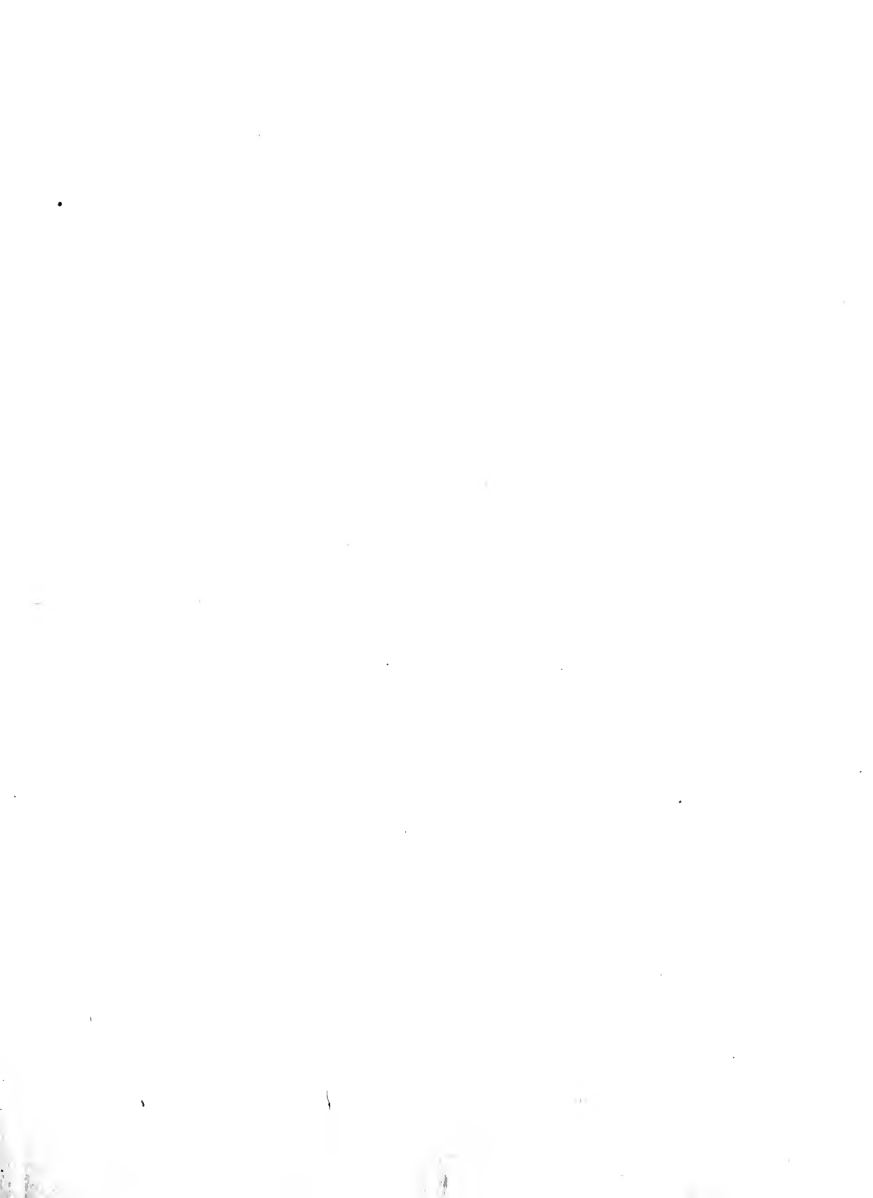
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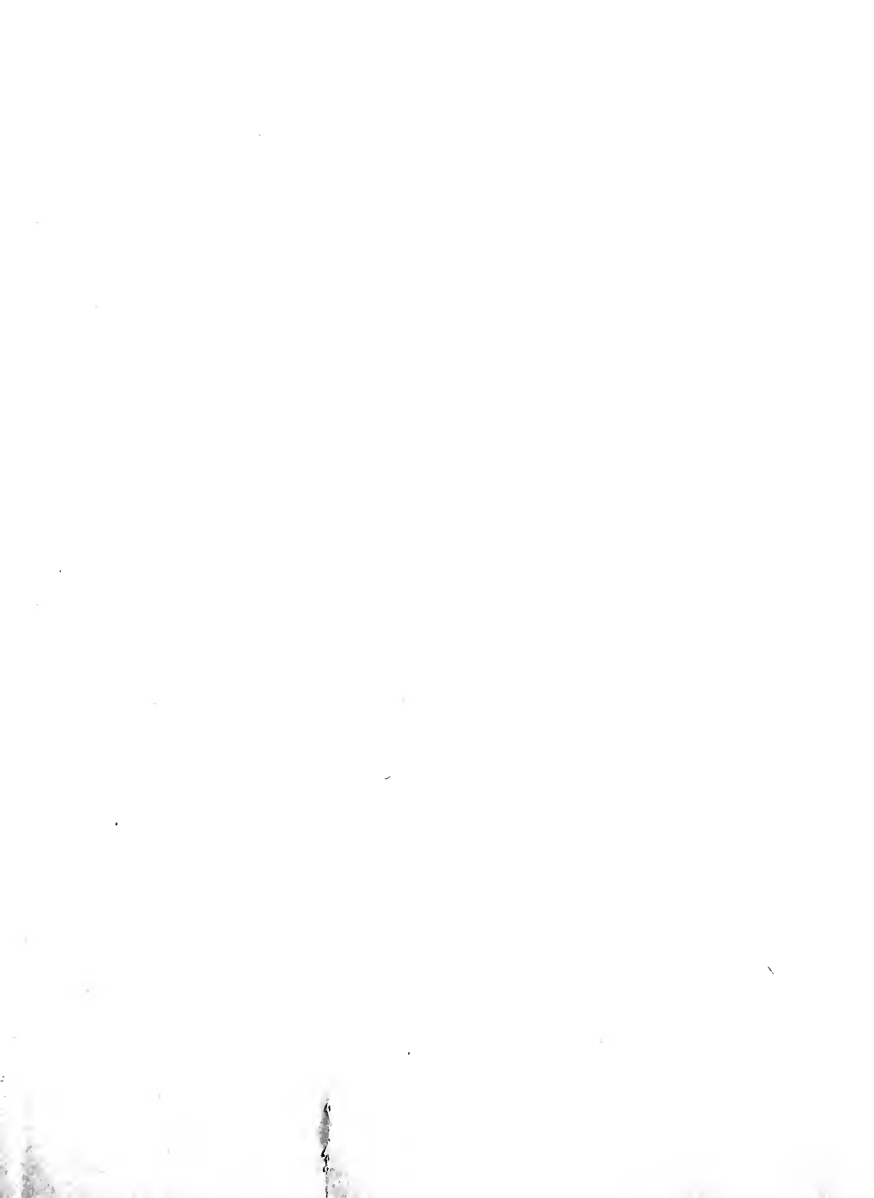
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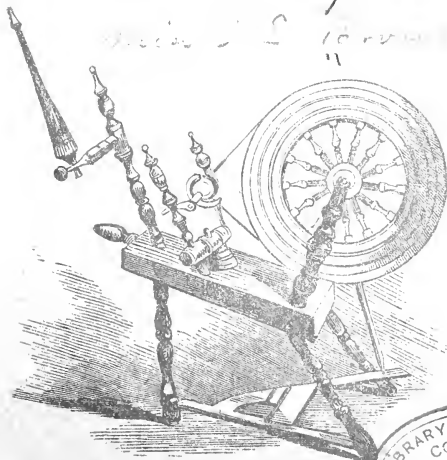






BY

B. E. E.



One hundred years! and now
A mighty people bow

In grateful praise;

"The crown to those who fight
For freedom, truth, and right!"

North, South, East, West, unite

Glad songs to raise!

Boston B. Lottrop & Co

1876

PS 1139
B-48
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a.m.P., Oct. 4, 1920

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.





TO
MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED
FRIEND AND TEACHER,
MR. S. L. GERRY,
THESE FEW LEAVES ARE AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED,





A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

OW, subtle whispers of summer-tide —

Though edgings of snow still clung beside
The jagged rocks, and with half-dazed look —
Like a child just waked—lay the sleepy brook!
Perchance 'twas the sunshine's lengthened
ray,

The lowing cattle, the haze that lay
On the Milton hills, or that strange spell
In the robin's note — I cannot tell —
But Huldah, leaving her spinning, knew
And felt the restlessness, as she threw
The bars of the lattice open! Cool and sweet,
As though from some pine wood's deep re-
treat —

With a slow, coy tread, the fresh winds crept
Through the sliding bars; on the hearth, wing-
swept,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Falls the startled log in a smouldering heap,
While with playful touch the breezes keep
The dried bouquets on the mantel shelves
In trembling rustle; like roguish elves
At hide and seek mongst the piles of wool
Soft-carded, with sudden start they pull
And twist the thread on the idle wheel,
Tumble the curls of Huldah, and steal
Across her cheeks to leave a flush —
Borrowed, it may be, from the blush
Of pink arbutus, anemones,
In their out-door work of mysteries!
Then, planning fresh mischief, the rude winds
 stray
To the pantry where ('tis Saturday)
The brown bread moulding with busy hands,
By her kneading-trough the mother stands;
Another gust — away flies her cap!
And Tabby starts from a half-feigned nap
When fragrant mints from the old cross-beam
Drop into the pan of golden cream!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A merry laughing, and swift feet run
To close the bars ere more harm is done,
And yet by the lattice, a long time still
The young girl lingers, as young girls will
When the breath of Spring thrills heart and
brain

With a rapture — half-akin to pain!
But green are the buds on the willow's bough,
And fragrant the sod where ox and plough
Her brother — in home-spun suit of blue —
Is guiding the broad, deep furrows through!
A sudden rumble — a quick bright flash
In the April skies! But, closing the sash,
Our little Huldah with happy smile
Has turned away, and merrily, while
Her wheel is spinning, she sings a strain
That seems of her own glad thoughts, the re-
frain:

*A sunlit sky, and a sunlit earth,
Blue hills and a bluer river,—*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*Cool forest depths where the springs have birth,—
Green fields where the grasses quiver !*

*A fair bright future — without and within —
Glad Hope to my heart is bringing,
For a golden thread do the grim Fates spin
When they hear — a red-breast singing !*

Another morning — just two hours old —
'Tis a Sunday morning, clear and cold;
Without, the crest of a waning moon
Is slipping from brow of the Night, for soon
Swift heralds of Dawn the east will rend
And electric flash through the whole land
send!

Chill breezes from marsh and lowlands creep,
Rustling the trees where dead leaves sleep;
And, now and then, through the woods is
heard

The wandering note of some shivering bird.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In the little farm-house all is still
Save the tick of the clock, the shrill
Sharp chirp of cricket, or tramp of mice
'Twixt the loosened laths.

Hark! twice — ay, thrice!
And again it comes! O God! can it mean —
Nay — hush! there's a cry the swift footsteps
between,—

An echoing tread on the bridge below,—
Another call! — and, like startled doe,
Half doubting still if she wakes or sleeps,
The little Huldah, a-tremble, creeps
Down the creaking staircase, peers without
The great hall door, and catching the shout
Of the flying horseman, one dread word,
“*The British*,” through all the house is heard
Till the old oak rafters themselves are stirred!
To his upper loft the brother springs,
And forth from its hiding-place, he brings
The heavy gun that his father bore
At Frontenac — long years before —

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

When in fierce assault he held the ground
And fell, at last, with a mortal wound!
“The red-coats — ha! they shall not say,
With bullets we know but children’s play!
This musket — look! ’tis as firm and true
As ever a British gun — bran-new!”
And the proud boy soldier soothed the fears
Of mother and sister, kissed the tears
Away from Huldah’s cheeks, and then
Ran down to the green where the “minute
men,”
Their quiet hamlet homes to save,
Had gathered in phalanx, staunch and brave!
Ah — well-a-day! you all have heard
That Sabbath’s story — word for word —
How nobly they fought at Lexington,—
The short, sharp conflict farther on,—
The fierce bush fighting — then the shout
Of victory; and the British rout,
As with broken ranks they turned and fled —
The proud Lord Percy at their head!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Yet what is our knowledge — thine or mine —
Of that one day — save the bare outline!
In Huldah's home — why! the long hours
 crept

As if the very pendulum slept!
The cries of alarm, the gathering feet
Soon died away; but the quiet street,
The dead, dull silence everywhere,
Seemed harder than anything else to bear!
For man may fight, but woman must wait —
And which — think you — is the easier fate?
There were distant shots, and now and then
The smell and the smoke of powder, when
With chilling breath, and a wailing sound
The fickle winds to the east veered round;
Snug, sheltered, and safe from rude alarm
In its quiet nook, stood the hillside farm,
Yet the mother and Huldah felt a chill
As they looked and listened — a sudden thrill
Of quick, sharp pain — for dearer far
Than our own poor lives, the beloved ones are!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And our very safety — when theirs we know
In peril must be — is an added woe!
On the upper shelf, at close of day,
Still folded the Sunday garments lay;
The catechism's dreaded task
The mother had quite forgotten to ask,
And now the last red shaft in the west
Had ended the hours of sacred rest
For the day was reckoned (as it begun
In the good old times) from sun to sun!
And laying aside the Holy Book
Her half-knitted stocking the mother took,
While little Huldah began to reel
Fresh skeins of yarn from her spinning-wheel;
But dull and mechanic her fingers ply
The wonted stint, though she stands close by
The lattice window where field and brook
And bud and bough have the self-same look
As yester-morn — yet the fairest scene
Strange shadows may catch from — a day be-
tween!



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*A weeping sky and a mourning earth,—
Bleak hills and a bleaker river,—
Dark forest wilds where the storms have birth,—
Brown fields where the dead leaves shiver;*

*A dim, gray future — within and without —
Dread Fear to my heart is bringing,
For in the chill dusk, when truth is a doubt,
I heard — a whip-poor-will singing !*

With weight of blossom — with fruitage now,
Droops the trailing vine and the loaded
bough,—
Through the grey old woods the flowers have
gone
In long procession — one by one;
The trembling snow-drop's pallid face
Had hardly smiled ere it yielded place
To violets, to twin flower bells
And the sweet claytonia that dwells

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hermit within its mossy nook;
And now, like lighted torch, by the brook
Flames the cardinal flower, while golden rod
With the asters' deep rich purple, nod
In the meadows brown, as if the sun
And shadow were melted into one!
And all this time the tide of war
Whose sudden rise old Middlesex saw,
That April morning — as in a dream —
Has ebbd and flowed in one vast stream
Throughout the land; their white and red
The bright June roses scarce had shed,
When on Charlestown's height the battle came
That gave to one hill, a world-wide fame!
Nor do Southern homes their hero lack,
For Patrick Henry echoes back
The same determined will that fired
Our bold Green Mountain boys — inspired
Young Ethan Allen, when the "keys
Of Canada" he vowed to seize,
And at Ticonderoga show

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

How a true soldier meets the foe!
With smaller file, but fiercer heart —
(It may be that the touch, the smart
Of rifle balls — like some wines, make
Fresh thirst, that needs fresh draughts to
slake !)

Long weeks ago the “minute men”
To Lexington returning, when
Their service, for the time, was through,—
With eager, longing eyes the few
Thin ranks were scanned, by one and all
Whose homes had heard that “morning call!”
And while, impatient, to the gate
Our little Huldah runs to wait,
The careful mother — ere it burn —
Her smoking “fire cake” stops to turn,
And lay upon the fresh-scoured deal
(Where waits the simple, evening meal)
An extra spoon, knife, fork, and plate
For Nathan, for the hour is late,
And hungry, faint, she knows that he —

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Her poor, dear boy!— will surely be!
In long-drawn line, the troops pass on
Till now the scattered files have gone
Far down the road; and all alone —
With altered step, with altered tone —
Poor Huldah turns, to meet half-way
The mother's sudden, sad dismay —
“ And yet 'tis likely we may find
He tarried, just a while, behind —
Or, mayhap, joined the troops that lay
Around old Boston, for they said
With Washington now at their head
The ‘ Continentals ’ meant, ere long,
To enter in, with shout and song!”
So Huldah and the mother try
To cheer each other — drawing nigh
The dying embers, as they wait
To hear the footstep at the gate!
And still untouched the supper stands
While steadily the old clock hands
Are traveling on from hour to hour —

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

As if they held some subtle power
And knew our hopes, fears, life and death
The while they number every breath!

With morning came fresh hope, fresh plan —
By questioning each “minute man,”
The truth, of course, would soon be shown,
And it were better all were known —
The very worst — than longer bear
This burden of suspense and care!
What did they learn? Well, one man said
The boy, he noticed, far ahead
Of rank and file that morning, when
The call had come for “minute men;”
Another said, “He fought right well —
A little hero — till he fell!”
“Fell?” Huldah’s lips grew white with fear;
The mother gasped, “We did not hear, —
We did not know —” “Nay! don’t mistake,”
The blunt lips added, “lines must break
In fight, you know; we fall, we rise,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And I am sure these very eyes
The brave lad saw again, ere long,
Right in the thickest of the throng!"

"Yes! up and fighting!" said a third,
"He sprang as lightly as a bird
From that first wound!"—but then, what then?
Well, really it was doubtful when
The fierce bush fighting came, to tell
What happened — some ran on, some fell,
And some had tarried to defend
The broken columns at the end;
While others hid in ambush, more,
However, had pressed on before
To hasten the retreat; blockade
The city — they themselves had stayed
Most willingly; but calls at home
So urgent grew that they had come,
To be "at minute's warning," still
All ready — with a right good will!
With aching heart, word after word,
As in a dream, the mother heard;

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And Huldah, as she listened, grew
(Such sudden change our grief and pain
Will sometimes work — like summer rain!)
A woman, strong to bear, to do;
Son, daughter, both to one whose need
That strange, sad day was great indeed!

*Amethyst skies, and chrysoprase hills
Where the lengthening sunbeam creepeth,
Murmur of south winds, babble of rills,
Whistling of orioles, bob-o-link trills,
Yet soundly the little bud sleepeth.*

*Dull, leaden skies where the heavy clouds lower,
Hills the glad sunshine forsaketh,
Raw, piercing winds and a chill, drenching
shower,
Sobbing of pines where the bleating herds cower,
Yet, look you! the little bud waketh!*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

O dreary winter! Just outside
The city still, the troops abide;
For though, weeks since, the frozen bay
Temptations offered to essay
The promised, long-deferred attack,
Yet wise war councils held them back
A little longer still, till men,
Stores, ammunition came, and then
More confident the raid would be,
And crowned with surer victory;
So reasoned Washington, and so
The patriots resolved to do.
Meanwhile, young Burr and Arnold toil
Through pathless wilds of Maine, to spoil
Quebec, and there unite, at length,
To give the New York troops fresh strength;
And, midst discouragements untold,
Montgomery, with ardor bold,
Showed how a strong will could prevail
The "Heights of Abraham" to scale!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

How little, too, in victory's hour,
The conqueror feels Death's vaunted power!

On leaden wing the months crept on;
The cold, white drifts were almost gone,
And through the lattice bars once more
Came hints of summer days in store;
Yet still no tidings could be had,
From any quarter, of the lad!
One hope, and only one, remained;
If entrance should, at last, be gained
Within the city — who could tell?
He might be there — alive and well!
So little Huldah strives to cheer
The mother, and allay her fear,
The while her busy fingers ply
Their daily tasks, and bravely try
By ready work of ready hand
To help the patriotic band;
The mother, too, would do her part
Although with very weary heart;

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And many a needy soldier knows
Her knitted jackets, mittens, hose!

A single night — and lo! the sun
Next morning showed more labor done,
“Than my vast army, I believe,
In a whole month’s time could achieve!”
The British general exclaimed,
Of his own laggard troops ashamed.
Eleven days from that March night,
And Boston gloried in the sight
Of streets that knew no more the tread
Of Tory or the royal red!
And while the British fleet still lay
At anchor, just outside the bay,
A new, strange banner met their eyes,
Of thirteen stripes against the skies!

From our own grief and misery
Springs the sweet balm of sympathy;
And burdened souls, because they know

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Life's bitterness, are quick to show
That Christian charity which is
So rare in such a world as this!
And when the thought had come, that he —
The lost one — mongst the sick might be,
Though never word, trace, sight or sound
Of *their* belovéd could be found,
Yet hearing there the piteous cries
Of one poor sufferer, who lies
Just at Death's door — what do they care
Though British uniform he wear?
With soothing words, with gentle touch,
That to the sick one mean so much!
The mother's tender, loving hand
His burning cheeks and forehead fanned;
Brought dainty bits from off her shelf,
Delicious comfits she herself
From luscious fruits prepared, as no
One else (so Nathan said) could do!
And when the soldier, half awake,
(He came from Devonshire, it seemed,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And of his own far, home had dreamed)
From long delirium cried, "Oh! take
Me quick away! I long to see
The trout brook, and the old oak tree,
The fresh, green fields, the lily pond,
And those blue mountains just beyond!"
The mother said: "Why! let him come
To us — we have a country home,
And room to spare — the change might do
More for him than the doctors knew!"

And so, weeks after, one bright day,
In Nathan's upper room, there lay
A British soldier! And the news
A wondrous zeal and fire infuse;
But when the noble women hear
The innuendoes, taunt, and jeer —
The epithets of "Tory," "spy" —
To one and all they make reply,
"'Tis surely but a simple deed
Of charity, as in his need

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

We hope some pitying heart and true
For our poor boy had done, would do!"

*I had a message for my love,
Full tender, deep and true;
And yet, O waiting, white-winged dove,
I could not give it you!*

*A fresh breeze kissed my cheek,
It passed into the South —
The land that all my longings seek —
Yet sealéd was my mouth!*

*The good ship touched the shore —
She sailed far out of ken —
And yet no messages she bore,
No words of tongue or pen!*

*Just then, across my path
A sudden shadow came,*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*One of God's poor, who hath
The blessing "in His name,"*

*One for whom Jesus died
Had fallen by the road ;
I could not turn aside —
I gave him raiment, food,*

*And words of friendly cheer —
Who could do less than this
For one, a fellow man, whose tear,
Whose smile reflecteth his ?*

*Yet suddenly there shone
The light of a new day ;
The message had passed on
In God's own blessed way !*

*For Love is still the same —
Whate'er we dream or think —
Though bound to one fond name,
Perchance, yet many a link*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*The magic chain must make,
Ere heart can answer heart
In perfect concord, and thus take
Of heaven's own joy a part !*

Now at the North — now at the South —
The demon War, with half-closed mouth,
Had muttered challenges all through
The Spring; and many knew
The British Parliament had vowed
“ This rebel handful ” should be cowed
At once, if force of arms and men
Could bring obedience back again !
But when Sir Peter's boasted strength,
Before old Moultrie, quailed, at length;
And Clinton's bold attempts were foiled
At Charleston, till his ships were spoiled
Of colors, ammunition, stores —
Grave apprehensions filled the corps
Of “ British regulars ; ” and now,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Though troops had come with Admiral Howe,
And though the feeble patriot band
Was suffering loss, on sea, on land —
Behold! a tremor shakes the throne
Of monarchs — wheresoever known!
As Declaration — loud and clear —
Of Independence, greets the ear!
And a new Nation takes her stand,
United — heart and soul and hand!
A race full-grown, full-armed, indeed —
As in old classic lore, we read
How the prolific brain of Zeus
A perfect Pallas could produce;
And how a legion on the plain
Of Thebes arose, from dragon slain!
But ah! not yet may conflict cease —
Since armor is for war, not peace —
And Liberty so dear, so rare,
The precious seal of blood must bear!
Now at Long Island — at White Plains —
With many losses, many gains,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The contest rages fierce and strong,
While shouts of victory belong,
Now to the royal flag, and now
To bars and stars, whose colors show
The heavens above, the stripes below!

With eager ear that autumn day,
The British soldier as he lay
Half-sleeping, half-awake, had heard
The neighbors when they brought the word
To Huldah — tarrying the while
To catch the sunshine of her smile!
A crow's sharp "caw," and plaintive note
Of "pewee" through the still air float,
And from the purpling grapes, a breath
(Like that the sweet ~~July~~ day-lily hath)
Comes through the open sash; and now
A red leaf from the maple bough
Has dropped upon the sill; a bee,
All honey-laden, and a free,
Bright butterfly flit in and out;



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And from the orchard comes the shout
Of children, as they shake the loaded tree!
O rich ingathering time! The earth
In spring-tide, to maintain the birth
Of myriad buds, perforce must drain
The air of stimuli; and brain,
Breath, muscle, feel in turn the need
Of life absorbed by germ and seed.
But autumn comes with garnered store,—
The teeming earth o'erflows once more,
And clasping her full hand, we take
The quick, magnetic thrills that make
It bliss to breathe — ay! ecstasy
As in our childhood — just to be!
And so that bright October day,
While listlessly the sick man lay
And let his thoughts in quiet rhythm
Blend with the scene — a sudden chrism
Seemed falling on him as the dew;
And every nerve, vein, fibre, knew
The tide had turned — the open door

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Of life, not death, was his once more!
With half a smile, yet half a sigh,
('Twere easier then to say good-by
To time and sense — so near had come
His spirit to the heavenly home!)
He glanced about him, raised his head,
And as he caught the busy tread
Of feet below, and then the song
Of Huldah at her work, a throng
Of happy thoughts filled heart and brain,
And love of life crept back again!

SONG.

*Only a brave old maple,
Shorn of its scarlet and gold,
And traced on the scroll of sunset
As a hand-writing black and bold!*

*A low, wailing wind frets the branches ;
The dead leaves start up in surprise,*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*Till at length in the hush of the gloaming
The dryad's sad monody dies.*

*O desolate tree in the meadow,
With pleading hands stretched to the sky,
Do you know the glad hopes of a spring-tide
Asleep in your folded arms lie?*

*And that never a breath of the Storm King,
And never a drift of the snow,
Can rattle the bud from its casket,
Or loose the firm anchor below?*

*'Bide patiently then the bleak winter,
And change the sad wail to a song;
Bear up, for the robins and bluebirds
And south winds are coming, ere long!*

**An empty room! what could it mean?
Nay! could it be that under screen**

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Of night, and, mayhap, from the dread
Of prison bars, that he had fled —
The British soldier ? It is true,
These convalescent weeks, they knew
How restlessly he paced the floor,
But then, they thought it nothing more
Than, in impatience, any one
Recovering slowly might have done.
Yet here upon the table lay
His watch and purse — a note to say
This strange departure he could not
As yet, explain to any, but
Though words — deeds seemed in truth too
rude
To show his fervent gratitude —
A debt to their sweet charity
The life they saved henceforth should be !

Silent and soft and white and slow —
On hill, stream, meadow — falls the snow !
A hush without, a hush within,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A cold, drear world where all has been
So full of color, warmth, and glow!
And Huldah — looking, listening — feels
A new, strange loneliness that steals
The dimpling smile — the song half-way —
(As the bleak north winds chide and stay
With chilling breath and frowning look
The rippling laughter of the brook!)

And still with many a turn and phase
The fierce war spirit stirs and sways
The land that waits while Freedom's breath
Seems wavering 'twixt life and death!
The battles on the Jersey shore
And, now and then, the cannon's roar
From fleet and fort still keep alive
The patriot's hope, while bravely strive
The poor starved troops with Washington —
A host himself! — to spur them on!
Old Valley Forge — the story yet
Comes with fresh thrill, and eyes are wet

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

With tears unbid — what time we read
Of bitter suffering, bitter need,
All borne so uncomplainingly
By those whose eyes might never see
The boon they bought us — Liberty!

Midst disappointment, ills untold —
Tories at home, and traitors bold —
With massacre at Wyoming
An added horror yet to bring!
Still Burgoyne's surrender fanned
To flame again hope's dying brand,
A flame that bright and brighter grew
When in Manhattan's harbor lay
At anchor, one glad summer day,
With pennons red and white and blue,
The long-expected, brave French fleet,
And Count D'Estaing commanding it!

O glad bright morning on the bay!
O sad, white dawning, as one ray —

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One only — pierced the narrow slip
Of window, in the prison ship —
The “*Jersey*” — worst of all throughout
The waters of the Wallabout!
Stifled and starved the prisoners lie,
A wailing mass of misery,
And living sufferers envy those
Whose eyes are first in death to close!
O righteous Heaven! one day will show
Full justice to all men, we know;
But while the good still suffer wrong,
And weak hands writhe beneath the strong,
The cry *must* rise, “*How long? How long?*”

Among the prisoners, one man
Creeps to the light, and dim eyes scan
With wistful look the harbor, and
The long, low line of sea-girt land;
How strange the bright, blue water seems!
How cheerily the sunlight gleams
On snow-white sail, on sandy shore,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And fresh, green turf where nevermore
His feet may tread — a *man*, we said,
But no! a *boy* — for, look! his head
Is golden yet — and though the trace
Of suffering has aged his face
It is — ah yes! we know it now,
The same bright eye, the same fair brow
The mother kissed that morning, when
The call had come for “minute men”!

Poor Nathan! Oh! how far away
It seems — that one, short April day —
When hand to hand he fought until
There came the sense of something chill
On hand and foot — a blank — and then
The British ambulances, when
He woke and heard the questioning jeer,
“Why! how came this young rebel here!”
We found him wounded, in the road,
And took him, since the “red coat” showed —
Our own, we thought — but “buff and blue”

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A sturdier rebel never knew!"
" Ah well! they tried in vain to make
Me compromise, or base oath take!
And when they could not as a spy
Make use of me, they thought to try
Fresh cruelties and quite subdue
Me — but they little knew
The patriotic blood that flowed
Within my throbbing veins, and showed
The father, grandsire, who in strife
Of other days had yielded life
With hero spirit! — Well — ah well!
They did their best, but could not quell
My rebel ardor — years of pain,
Imprisonment — and what the gain?
To fall were glorious on the field,
But this is pitiful — to yield
One's life by slow degrees, and know
That it is naught to friend or foe!
And yet if I could only see
The dear home faces, willingly

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

With my poor comrades they might lay
Me down to rest — this very day!”
So thought poor Nathan as he heard,
“Bring out your dead!” — the morning word!

A hand upon the outer latch —
A closer crowding through the hatch!
Who was it? Some one else to share
Their woe? But no! the tall form there —
“Good God! it is the very face
I fought with in that narrow place
Beside the road!” and Nathan turned
To find conviction — all — confirmed,
As pressing through the wailing crowd
The British soldier spake aloud
His name, and grasping then his hand,
Without a greeting, said: “We stand —
Though in a very different place —
Once more, my lad, face close to face!
We fought right well that April day,
But fiercest foes, I’ve heard them say,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Make firmest friends, so let it be
Henceforward, boy, with thee and me!
For life itself, and far above
This breath of ours, the fire of love!
For all the sweetness of your home
A debtor to you I have come!
Yet never words of mine can tell
What bitter, bitter sorrow fell
That day when, thinking of the face
I covered in that dreary place
With my own cloak, the knowledge came —
(It may have been the likeness there
To your sweet Huldah's brow and hair)
My foe — their loved one — 'tis the same!
Long months, since then, now here, now there,
I've sought "the lost one" everywhere —
For signed, you see, by our good king
Your pardon and release I bring —
And, since they wait, why! let us come
Without delay to that dear home!"



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*Face to face we stood that day,
Fire of hatred burning,
Till it seemed to stolid clay
Both our hearts were turning !*

*Pain has stepped between, since then,
Crushed the clay to powder —
Would Love make all new again
If we but allowed her ?*

Five times the winter snows have lain
On field and river, upland, plain.
Now here, now there, the tide of war
North, South, East, West, alternate saw —
But hearts grew strong when helping hands
Were stretched from far-off, foreign strands.
Pulaski, noble La Fayette,
And Kosciusko — even yet
Upon their generous deeds we dwell
And to our eager children tell !

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Success, defeat — it was the same
Old tale — with just a change of name!
Until, one bright October morn,
An unexpected joy was born;
And to its depths each patriot soul
Is stirred, while swift the tidings roll,
“Cornwallis has surrendered! Ring
The bells in every town, and bring
The good news into every home —
To you and yours sweet Peace has come!”
And, ere the echoes die away,
Let us one short, swift moment stray
To Middlesex where field and brook —
The very farm-yard — have a look
As if some sudden joy had come
To nestle in the hillside home.
A sudden gust of wind that steals
The curtain from its place reveals,
Within the little “keeping room,”
(Most often doomed to cold and gloom!)
A lily here, a rose-bud there,

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Arranged with dainty thought and care!
And in their Sunday garments clad,
The merry lass, the bashful lad,
The dame with cap-box in her hand,
Come up the path, and now they stand
In quiet groups within; while two,
(A manly form with English face;
A girlish figure full of grace,
Yet freedom too, as if she knew
Her birthright!) joining hands repeat,
The promises, the pledges sweet —
“To love, to cherish — heart for heart —
In sickness, health — till Death us part!”

*Up from the meadows, down from the hills —
Snatched by the breezes, caught by the rills —*

Hark! to the wonderful chorus!

Warfare has ended in white truce of peace.

Jealousies, hatred, rivalries, cease

When Love her elixir breathes o'er us!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*And still as the years with their changes roll by,
Breaking each barrier—strengthening each tie ;
Union grows stronger and stronger ;
Nation to nation is drawing more nigh —
And since of one language, aim, ancestry—why
Should we cherish old enmities longer ?*



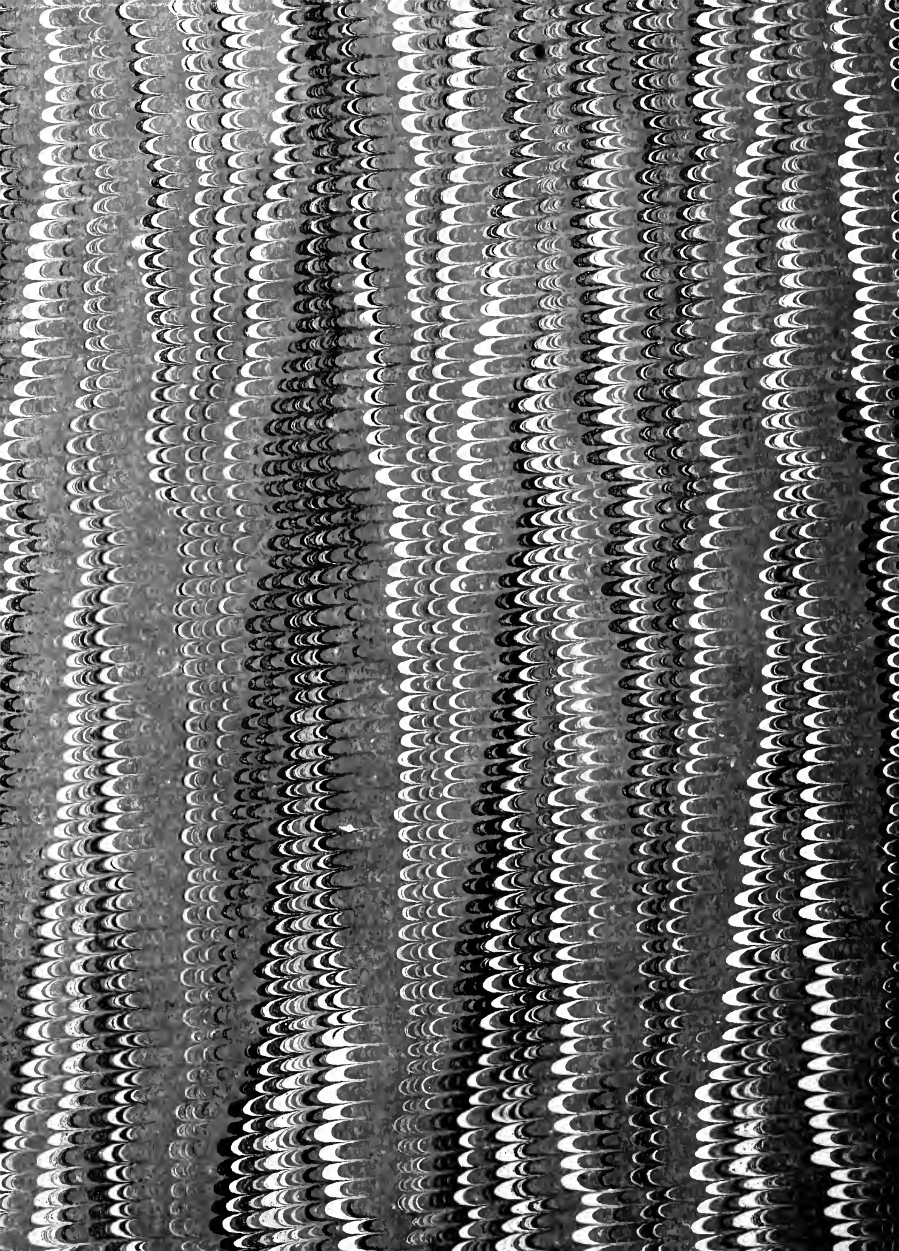


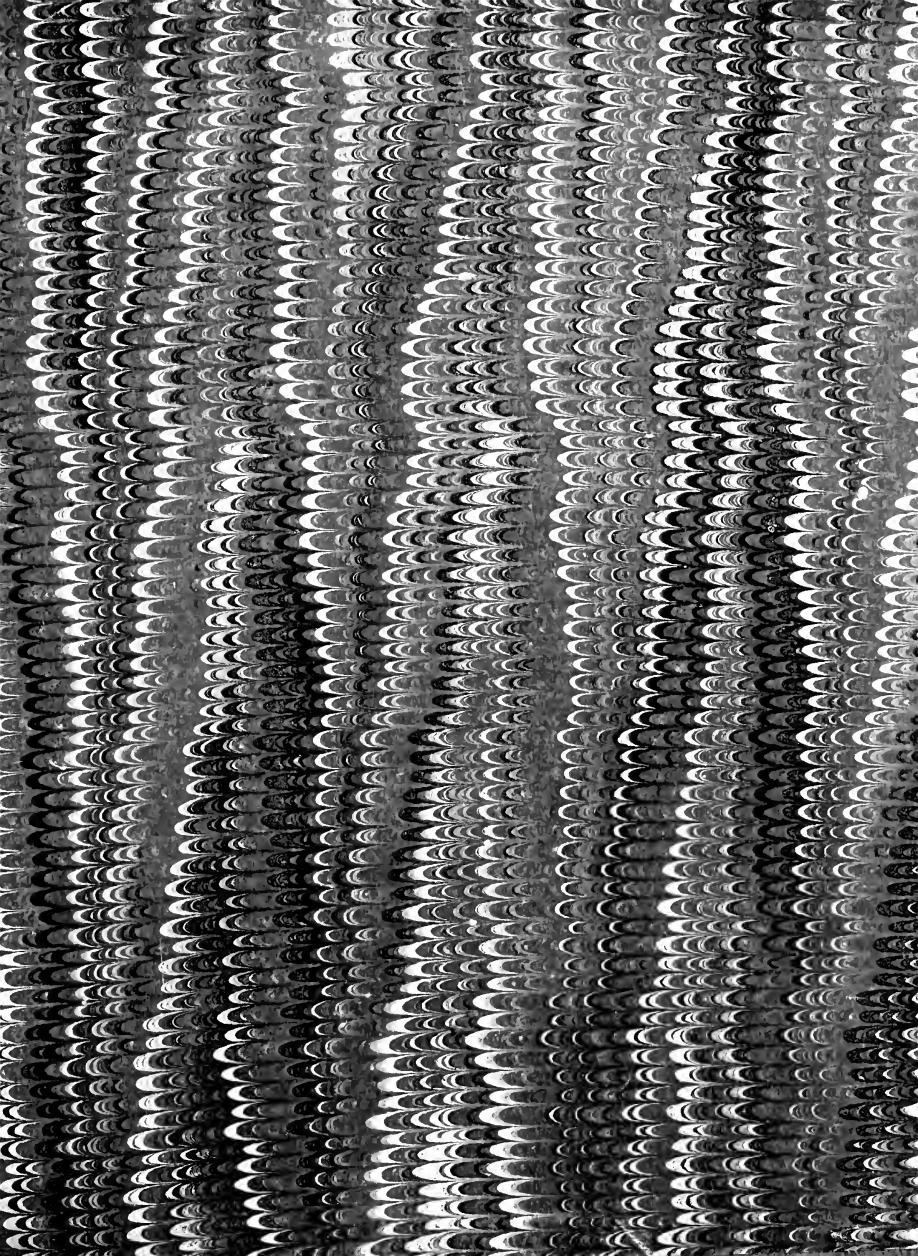












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